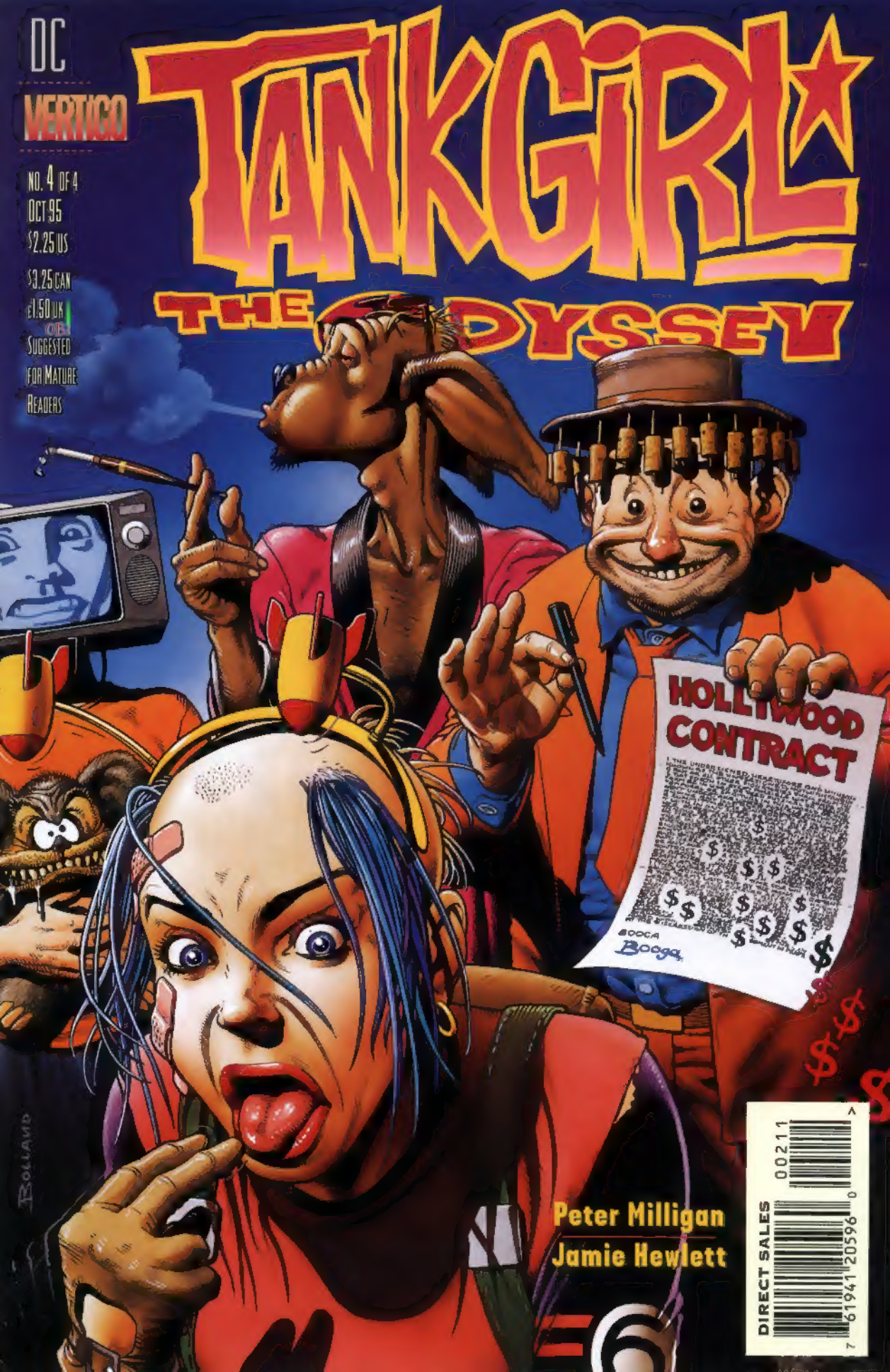
DC

VERTIGO

TANK GIRL THE ODYSSEY

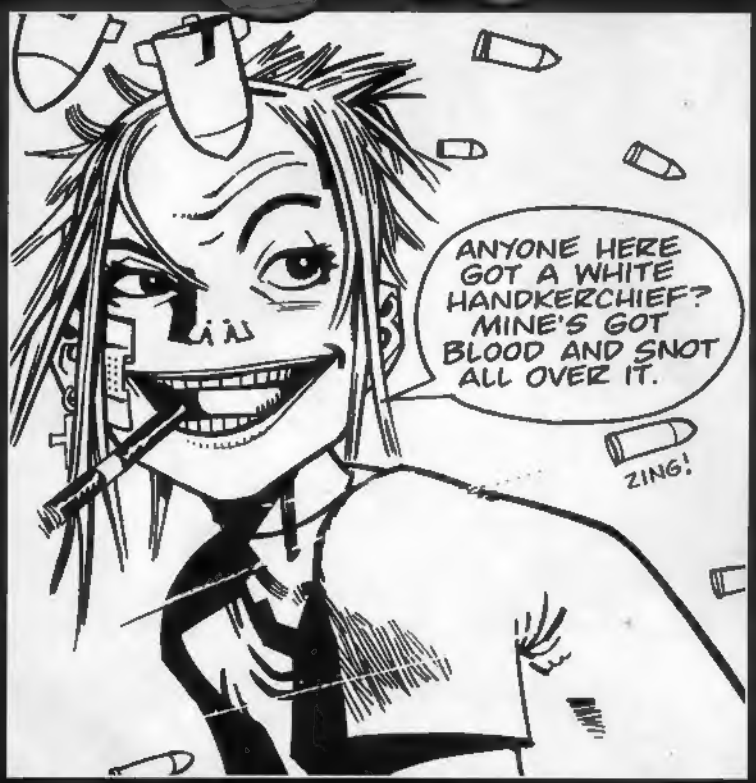
NO. 4 OF 4
OCT 95
$2.25 US
$3.25 CAN
£1.50 UK
SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS



Peter Milligan
Jamie Hewlett

DIRECT SALES
00211
7 61941 20596 0

TANK GIRL★ THE ODYSSEY



BOOK FOUR

TANK GIRL: THE ODYSSEY © October 1995. Published by DC Comics.
Copyright © 1995 Deadline Publications Limited, Jamie Hewlett and Alan Martin. All Rights Reserved. Vertigo is a trademark of DC Comics. The stories, characters and incidents featured in this publication are entirely fictional. DC Comics, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. A division of Warner Bros. – A Time Warner Entertainment Company. Printed in Canada. First Printing.

DC COMICS JENETTE KAHN President & Editor-in-Chief PAUL LEVITZ Executive VP & Publisher KAREN BERGER Executive Editor ART YOUNG Editor HELEN CRAVEN Assistant Editor JOE ORLANDO VP–Creative Director BRUCE BRISTOW VP–Sales & Marketing PATRICK CALDON VP–Finance & Operations TERRI CUNNINGHAM Managing Editor CHANTAL D'AULNIS VP–Business Affairs LILLIAN LASERSON VP & General Counsel SEYMOUR MILES VP–Associate Publisher BOB ROZAKIS Executive Director-Production

Peter Milligan
WRITER

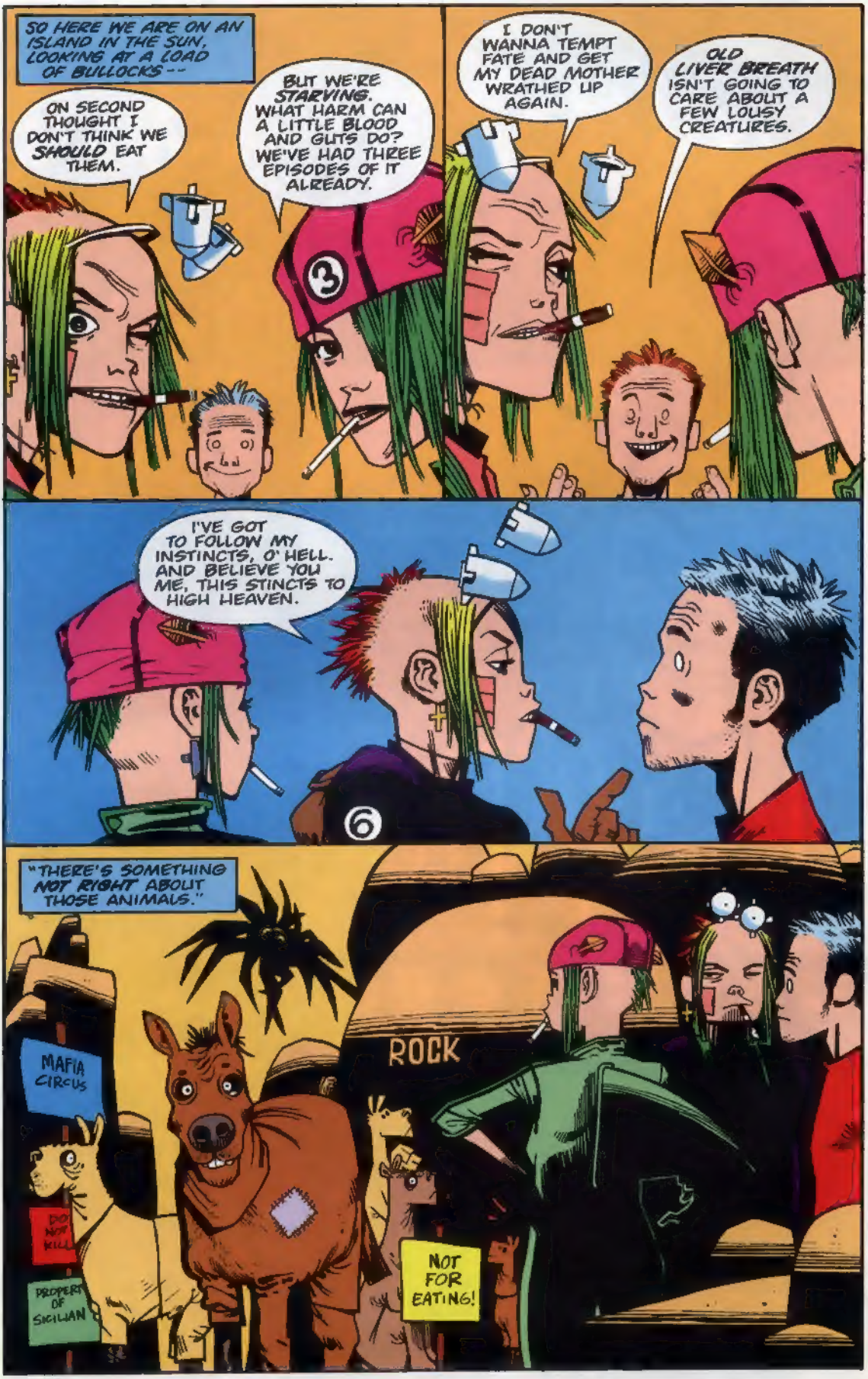
Jamie Hewlett
ARTIST

Nathan Eyring
COLORIST

Annie Parkhouse
LETTERER

Helen Craven
Garry Marshall
ASSISTANT EDITORS

Frank Wynne
Art Young
EDITORS

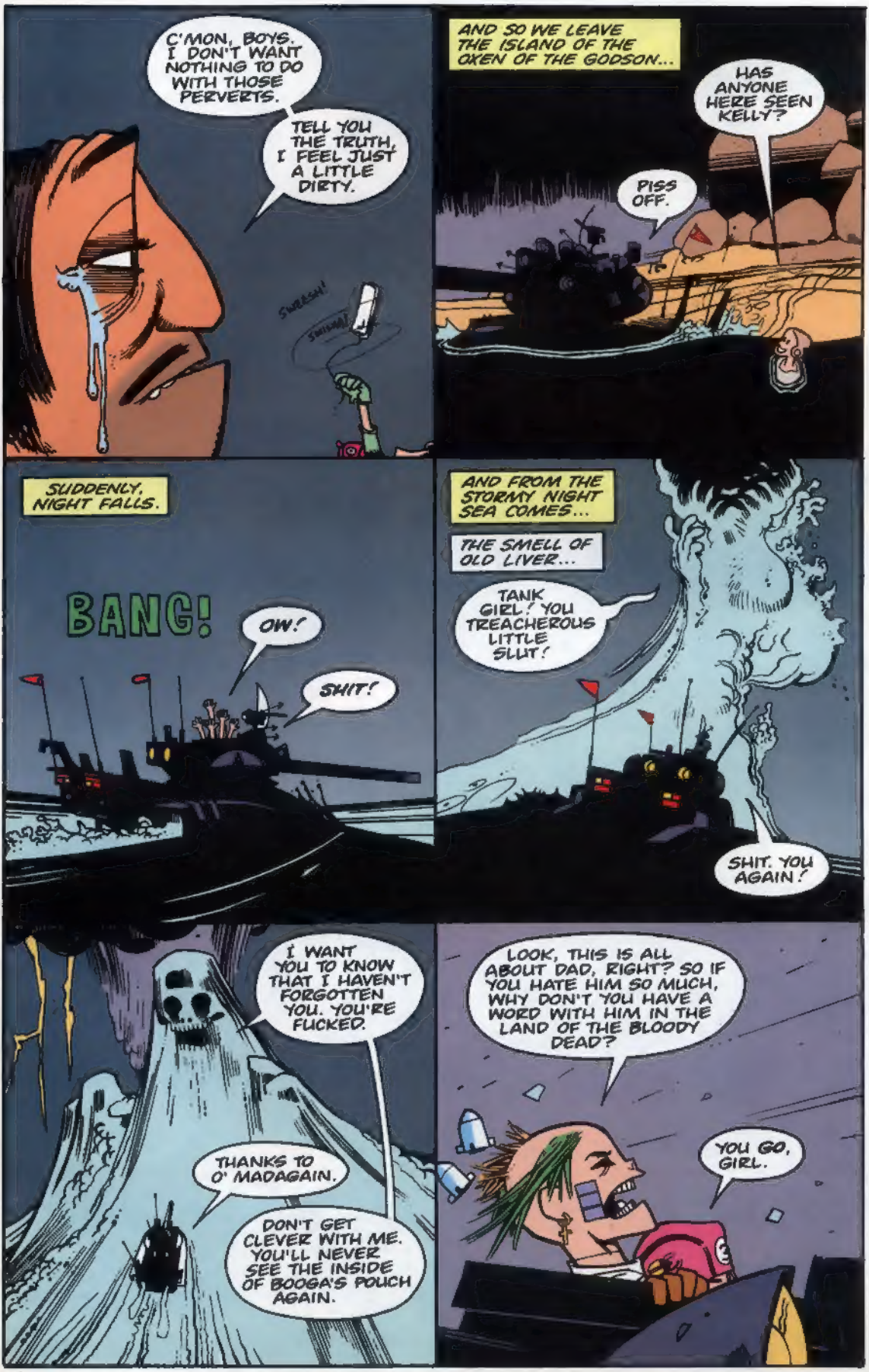

SO HERE WE ARE ON AN ISLAND IN THE SUN, LOOKING AT A LOAD OF BULLOCKS--
ON SECOND THOUGHT I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD EAT THEM.
BUT WE'RE STARVING. WHAT HARM CAN A LITTLE BLOOD AND GUTS DO? WE'VE HAD THREE EPISODES OF IT ALREADY.
I DON'T WANNA TEMPT FATE AND GET MY DEAD MOTHER WRATHED UP AGAIN.
OLD LIVER BREATH ISN'T GOING TO CARE ABOUT A FEW LOUSY CREATURES.
I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW MY INSTINCTS, O' HELL. AND BELIEVE YOU ME, THIS STINCTS TO HIGH HEAVEN.
"THERE'S SOMETHING NOT RIGHT ABOUT THOSE ANIMALS."
MAFIA CIRCUS
DO NOT KILL
PROPERTY OF SICILIAN
ROCK
NOT FOR EATING!

SOON, UNABLE TO CONTROL OUR UNNATURAL URGES ANY LONGER, O' MADAGAIN AND ME DECIDE TO CELEBRATE HIS ESCAPE FROM CYCLOPS HOTEL BY GOING AT IT HAMMER AND TONG.
HAMMER HAMMER! TONG TONG!
LUCKILY, I'D REMEMBERED TO BRING THE TROJANS...
HOLY COW!
BUT, AFTER ONLY TWO WEEKS...
HEY, O' MADAGAIN. THOUGHT YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE STAMINA.
SORRY, TG. BUT I CAN SMELL SOMETHING. EVIDENTLY SOMEONE'S DOING SOME COOKING.
SHIT.

I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU NOT TO KILL THEM!
LIGHTEN UP, TANK GIRL. THERE'S NO 'ARM IN IT.
FULL OF CUSTARD
YEAH, COME AND CHOW DOWN.
HMM. NOW WE'RE REALLY IN DANGER.
OF WHAT?
...OF HAVING THE BLOODY RUNNING THEME OF CANNIBALISM AND GROSS OVER-CONSUMPTION, THAT'S WHAT.
PEEEL!
STEAM!
POW! POP! BUDDAH! BUDDAH! BUDDDAH! POW! ZING PTOO! BUDDAH BOODAR! BOOM!
WOW!
O' MADAGAIN MANAGES TO DEFLECT MANY OF THE BULLETS WITH HIS LIGHTNING-QUICK REFLEXES...
FDANG!
PTING!
DOING!
F-DOING!
F-TANG!
PRANG!
WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!
WELL SPOTTED.

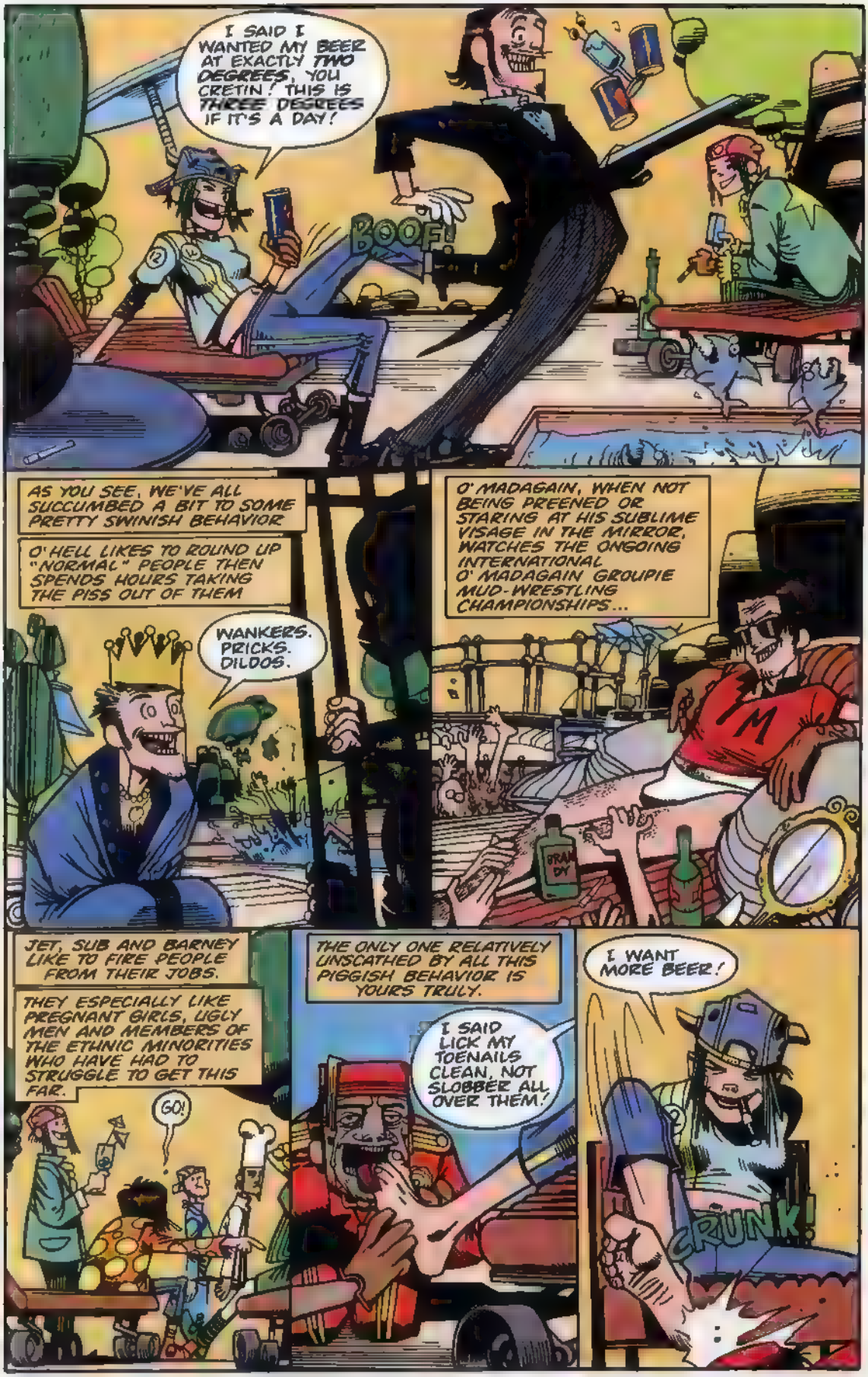
BASTARDS!
GIORGIO, KNOWN AS THE GODSON, IS A MAN OF VISION...
BANG BANG!
BANG!
BAM! BAM!
BANG! BOOM! VAZOON!
IT WAS IN ROME ONE DAY, AFTER HE'D SUCCESSFULLY BLOWN UP SOME PEOPLE HE DIDN'T LIKE, THAT GIORGIO FIRST VISITED A CIRCUS.
THE WAY THE ANIMALS WERE TREATED MADE GIORGIO CRY.
HE'D NEVER CRIED BEFORE.
AT FIRST HE'D THOUGHT SOMEONE HAD SHOT HIM IN THE EYEBALLS.
BASTARDS!
BUDDAH! BUDDAH! BOOM!
OW!
AH
COUGH COUGH!
SO HE DECIDED THAT THE MAFIA SHOULD MOVE INTO THE HOLISTIC NON-ANIMAL CIRCUS BUSINESS...
BE DA HORSE
YES BOSS!
PANTO COSTUMES- HORSES COWS SHIT
...AND THEN WE SHOWED UP.
PING!
F-DANG!
PTING

MY GOD, I MUST BE A LITTLE OUT OF CONDITION. I USED TO BE ABLE TO DEFLECT HAILS OF BULLETS ALL DAY.
PING!
DON'T BE SO HARD ON YOURSELF, CHAMP. EVEN YOU CAN'T KEEP THIS LEVEL OF HEROISM UP FOREVER. WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO SURRENDER!
ZING!
ANYONE HERE GOT A WHITE HANDKERCHIEF? MINE'S GOT BLOOD AND SNOT ALL OVER IT.
ZING!
ZING!
LENGTH OF THAT ARM!
ZING!
DON'T USE 'EM.
I GOT SOME GREY SOCKS. BUT I THINK THEY'RE STUCK TO MY FEET.
POOP!
POW!
PTOW!
POP!
V'TING!
I'VE GOT A WHITE SANITARY TOWEL, IF THAT'S ANY USE.
ZING!
PTANG
ZING!
POP!
ZING!
PERFECT.
AND...
HEY, THEY'RE WAVING SOMETHING AT US, IT'S...
IT'S A SANITARY TOWEL, BOSS.
THAT'S DISGUSTING!
JESUS CHRIST, WHAT'S THIS WORLD COMING TO? I MEAN, IT'S ONE THING SLAUGHTERING OUR PALS WHO WERE FROLICKING AROUND IN ANIMAL SUITS, AND THEN EATING THEM... BUT WAVING ONE OF THOSE THINGS AROUND IN PUBLIC!

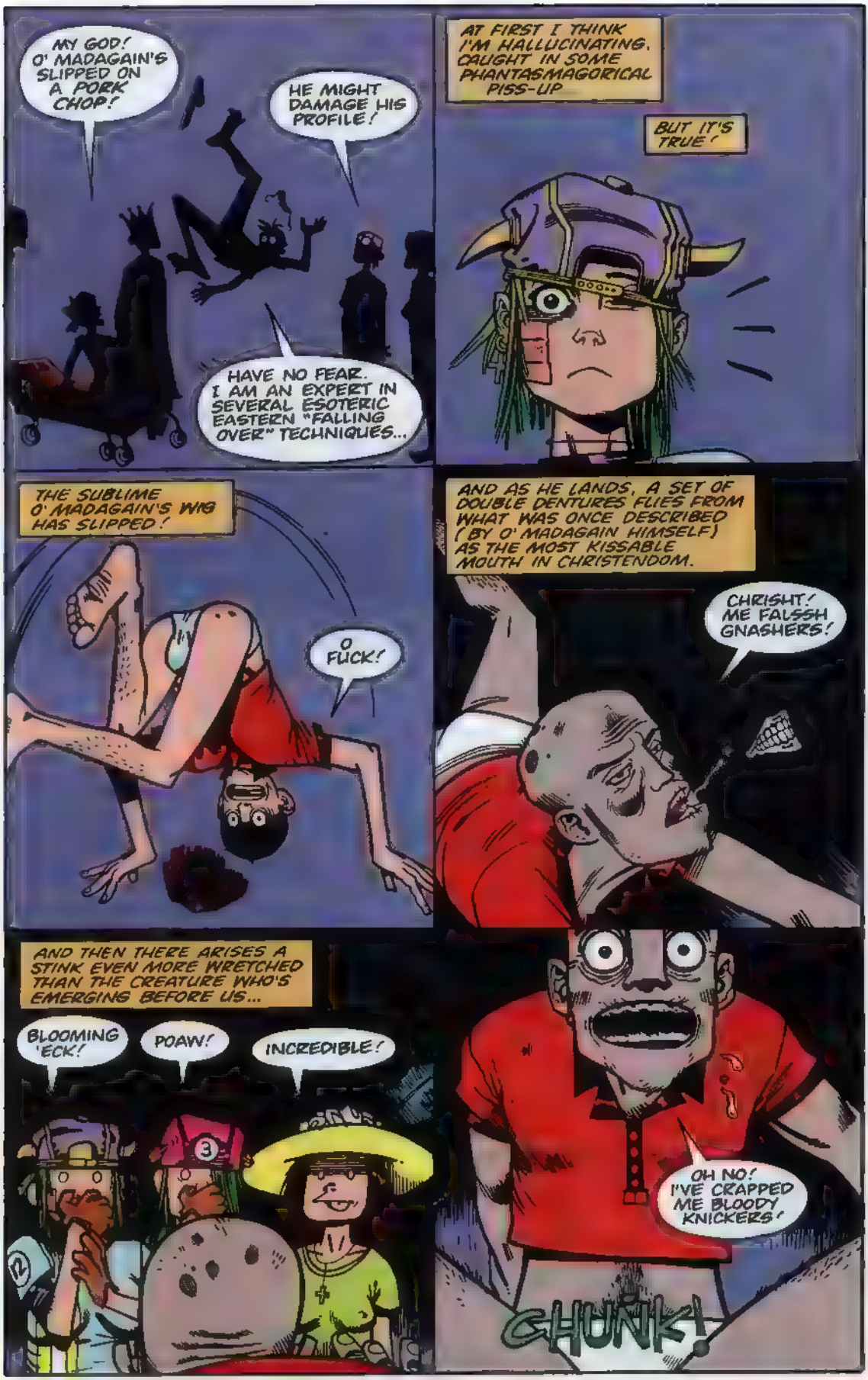

C'MON, BOYS. I DON'T WANT NOTHING TO DO WITH THOSE PERVERTS.
TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I FEEL JUST A LITTLE DIRTY.
SWEEEEN!
SWIIIIIP!
AND SO WE LEAVE THE ISLAND OF THE OXEN OF THE GODSON...
HAS ANYONE HERE SEEN KELLY?
PISS OFF.
SUDDENLY, NIGHT FALLS.
BANG!
OW!
SHIT!
AND FROM THE STORMY NIGHT SEA COMES...
THE SMELL OF OLD LIVER...
TANK GIRL! YOU TREACHEROUS LITTLE SLUT!
SHIT. YOU AGAIN!
I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN YOU. YOU'RE FUCKED.
THANKS TO O' MADAGAIN.
DON'T GET CLEVER WITH ME. YOU'LL NEVER SEE THE INSIDE OF BOOGA'S POUCH AGAIN.
LOOK, THIS IS ALL ABOUT DAD, RIGHT? SO IF YOU HATE HIM SO MUCH, WHY DON'T YOU HAVE A WORD WITH HIM IN THE LAND OF THE BLOODY DEAD?
YOU GO, GIRL.

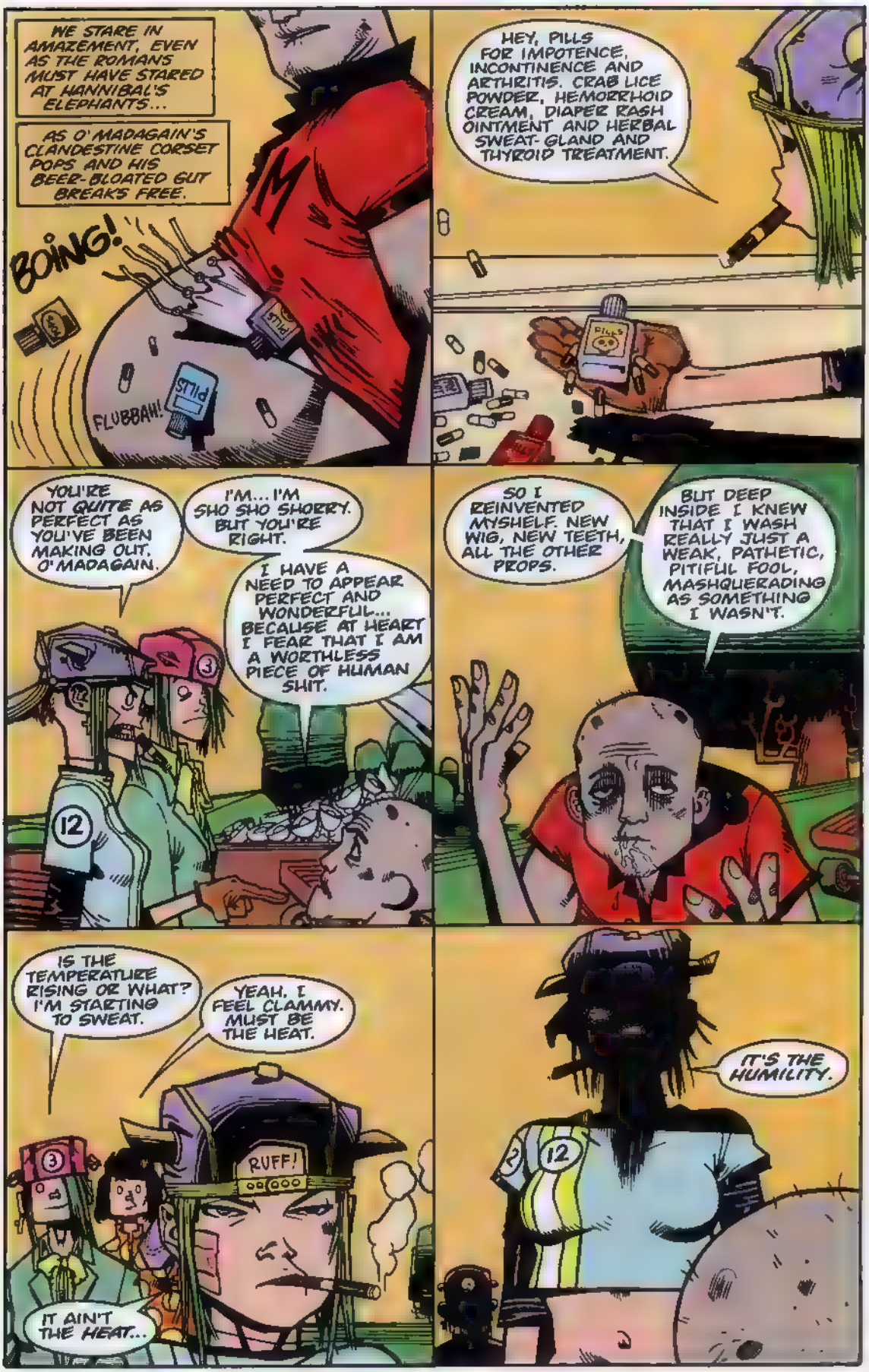
CONTROL, WE'VE MADE CONTACT!
I CAN'T FIND THE SNEAKY BLEEDER! HE'S PROBABLY FANDANGO'ED HIS WAY INTO SOME NICER REGION OF THE AFTERWORLD...
AARKK!
CHUP CHUP CHUP
CHUP CHUP CHUP CHUP
TANK GIRL! TANK GIRL AND YOUR RENOWNED CREW! WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU ALL OVER!
WE REPRESENT SWINE TELEVISION AND ARE PROUD TO OFFER YOU A PERSONAL INTERVIEW WITH OUR OWNER, SIR RUPERT SIR!
...OTHERWISE KNOWN... AS SIR SIR!
G'DAY.
I'M GONNA MAKE YOU BLOKES STINKING RICH.
HELLO YOU DUMB WANKER!

AND--
SO, THERE IT IS, FELLAS. TELEVISION, MOVIES, CABLE TV, PAY-PER-VIEW. YOU'LL LIVE ON A SOUTH SEA PARADISE, BE WORLD-FAMOUS AND PUSH EVERYONE AROUND. WHADDYA THINK?
WHY US?
COZ I SAY SO. BECAUSE YOU'RE A BLOODY ICON, GIRLIE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT A BLOODY ICON IS BUT I KNOW IF HANDLED RIGHT IT'S A BLOODY EXCUSE TO PRINT MONEY.
SOUNDS BRILLIANT.
INCREDIBLE.
TEMPTING, I MUST ADMIT.
BUT WHAT ABOUT OUR MISSION TO GET BACK TO BOOGA BEFORE HE'S SEDUCED BY TONY THE BLAZER?
LOSING AMBROSIA
THAT CAN WAIT A BIT, CAN'T IT? I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A RICH SPOILED SHIT SO I CAN SNEER AT PEOPLE WORSE OFF THAN ME.
BUT WE'RE BOUND TO MAKE COMPLETE PIGS OF OURSELVES.
WHO CARES?
OINK! OINK! OINK!
BURK BURK!
IT'S A ONCE IN A LIFETIME SHOPPORTUNITY, GIRLIE!
WEELLLL...
I SUPPOSE FAME AND FORTUNE NEEDN'T CHANGE US THAT MUCH.
PUFF


I SAID I WANTED MY BEER AT EXACTLY TWO DEGREES, YOU CRETIN! THIS IS THREE DEGREES IF IT'S A DAY!
BOOF!
AS YOU SEE, WE'VE ALL SUCCUMBED A BIT TO SOME PRETTY SWINISH BEHAVIOR
O'HELL LIKES TO ROUND UP "NORMAL" PEOPLE THEN SPENDS HOURS TAKING THE PISS OUT OF THEM
WANKERS. PRICKS. DILDOS.
O'MADAGAIN, WHEN NOT BEING PREENED OR STARING AT HIS SUBLIME VISAGE IN THE MIRROR, WATCHES THE ONGOING INTERNATIONAL O'MADAGAIN GROUPIE MUD-WRESTLING CHAMPIONSHIPS...
JET, SUB AND BARNEY LIKE TO FIRE PEOPLE FROM THEIR JOBS.
THEY ESPECIALLY LIKE PREGNANT GIRLS, UGLY MEN AND MEMBERS OF THE ETHNIC MINORITIES WHO HAVE HAD TO STRUGGLE TO GET THIS FAR.
GO!
THE ONLY ONE RELATIVELY UNSCATHED BY ALL THIS PIGGISH BEHAVIOR IS YOURS TRULY.
I SAID LICK MY TOENAILS CLEAN, NOT SLOBBER ALL OVER THEM!
I WANT MORE BEER!
CRUNK!

HEY, IMPORTANT PEOPLE, GET YOUR ARSEHOLES INTO DRIVE. I'VE LINED UP A FEW PUBLICITY STUNTS.
TANK GIRL, YOU'LL BE APPEARING AS A LOVEABLE GIANT PINK BLADDER ON MY NEW SATELLITE AND CABLE WORLDWIDE "GOOD MORNING, MORONS!" BREAKFAST SHOW...
A GIANT PINK BLADDER?
A LOVEABLE GIANT PINK BLADDER
ISN'T THAT GOING TO PISS ALL OVER MY NINETIES WOMAN, DEVIL-MAY-CARE, RIOT GRRRL, AM-I-A-HEDONIST-OR-AM-I-A-FEMINIST REPUTATION JUST A LITTLE?
BEER
I COULDN'T GIVE A WALLABY'S GOITER ABOUT YOUR REPUTATION, GIRL.
C'MON, LET'S KEEP THAT RETROUSSÉ SNIFFER OF YOURS IN THE OLD TROUGHELLA
AND I'VE GOT JOBS FOR ALL THE REST OF YOUS TOO.
AS LONG AS I CAN LET IT ALL GO TO MY HEAD I DON'T CARE.
EVIDENTLY...
WHOOOPS!
SLIP!


MY GOD! O' MADAGAIN'S SLIPPED ON A PORK CHOP!
HE MIGHT DAMAGE HIS PROFILE!
HAVE NO FEAR. I AM AN EXPERT IN SEVERAL ESOTERIC EASTERN "FALLING OVER" TECHNIQUES...
AT FIRST I THINK I'M HALLUCINATING. CAUGHT IN SOME PHANTASMAGORICAL PISS-UP
BUT IT'S TRUE!
THE SUBLIME O' MADAGAIN'S WIG HAS SLIPPED!
O FUCK!
AND AS HE LANDS, A SET OF DOUBLE DENTURES FLIES FROM WHAT WAS ONCE DESCRIBED (BY O' MADAGAIN HIMSELF) AS THE MOST KISSABLE MOUTH IN CHRISTENDOM.
CHRISHT! ME FALSSH GNASHERS!
AND THEN THERE ARISES A STINK EVEN MORE WRETCHED THAN THE CREATURE WHO'S EMERGING BEFORE US...
BLOOMING 'ECK!
POAW!
INCREDIBLE!
OH NO! I'VE CRAPPED ME BLOODY KNICKERS!
CHUNK!


WE STARE IN AMAZEMENT, EVEN AS THE ROMANS MUST HAVE STARED AT HANNIBAL'S ELEPHANTS...
AS O'MADAGAIN'S CLANDESTINE CORSET POPS AND HIS BEER-BLOATED GUT BREAKS FREE.
BOING!
FLUBBAH!
HEY, PILLS FOR IMPOTENCE, INCONTINENCE AND ARTHRITIS. CRAB LICE POWDER, HEMORRHOID CREAM, DIAPER RASH OINTMENT AND HERBAL SWEAT-GLAND AND THYROID TREATMENT.
YOU'RE NOT QUITE AS PERFECT AS YOU'VE BEEN MAKING OUT, O'MADAGAIN.
I'M... I'M SHO SHO SHORRY. BUT YOU'RE RIGHT.
I HAVE A NEED TO APPEAR PERFECT AND WONDERFUL... BECAUSE AT HEART I FEAR THAT I AM A WORTHLESS PIECE OF HUMAN SHIT.
SO I REINVENTED MYSHELF. NEW WIG, NEW TEETH, ALL THE OTHER PROPS.
BUT DEEP INSIDE I KNEW THAT I WASH REALLY JUST A WEAK, PATHETIC, PITIFUL FOOL, MASHQUERADING AS SOMETHING I WASN'T.
IS THE TEMPERATURE RISING OR WHAT? I'M STARTING TO SWEAT.
YEAH. I FEEL CLAMMY. MUST BE THE HEAT.
RUFF!
IT AIN'T THE HEAT...
IT'S THE HUMILITY.

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO O' MADAGAIN SHOULD TEACH US SOMETHING. WE'VE BEEN TAKING OURSELVES TOO SERIOUSLY. WE'VE BEEN SO BUSY LORDING IT OVER LESS WELL-OFF BASTARDS THAT WE'VE FORGOTTEN WHO WE ARE.
AND WHO'S THAT?
A CREW WHO SHOULD BE THROUGH ODYSSEYING... AND INSTEAD SUCCUMBING TO A LITTLE NOSTALGIA.
BUT WHAT ABOUT MY DEAL, YOU UNGRATEFUL ANIMALS! NO ONE WALKS OUT ON SIR SIR!
WHISTLE!
POW!
BLOOM!
OKAY, CREW.
HOME!
PLEASE, TANK GIRL...MAY I JOIN YOU ON YOUR HOMEWARD JOURNEY?
ARE YOU JOKING? YOU DON'T THINK WE WANT A FAT OLD BALDING SHITTER LIKE YOU HANGING AROUND US?
SO LONG, LOSER.

"TO WHAT COUNTRY DO OUR QUINQUEUMVIRATED CREW HEAD?

"AUSTRALIA, SMALLEST CONTINENT IN THE WORLD, FEDERATION OF N.S.W., VICTORIA, QUEENSLAND, SOUTH AUSTRALIA, WEST AUSTRALIA, TASMANIA, INCLUDING THE CAPITAL AND NORTHERN TERRITORIES...

CAPE YORK PENINSULA

THE GANG

ABBEY PEAK

COOK TOWN

"TO WHAT DISTINCT LOCATION EXACTLY?

"COOKTOWN, WHERE IN 1770 CAPTAIN JAMES COOK (1728-79) LANDED IN A NATURAL HARBOR AND, LEGEND HAS IT, NAMED THE KANGAROO AFTER THE ABORIGINAL WORD FOR 'I DON'T KNOW'..."

ABBEY PEAK

MOREHEAD

NAT PARK

COOK TOWN

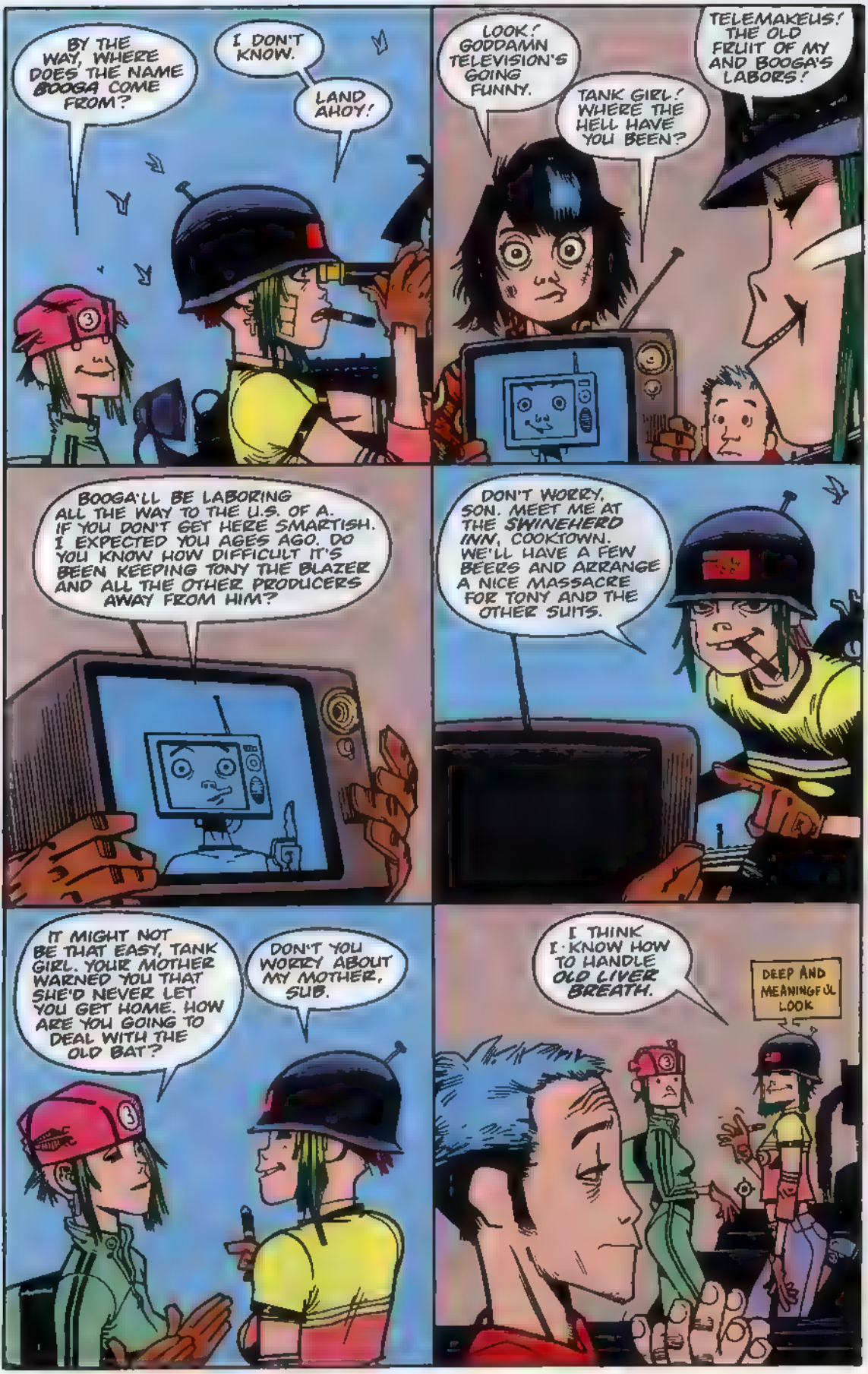
...WHAT WAS TANK GIRL'S MOOD AS SHE NEARED THE ISLAND OF HER BIRTH?

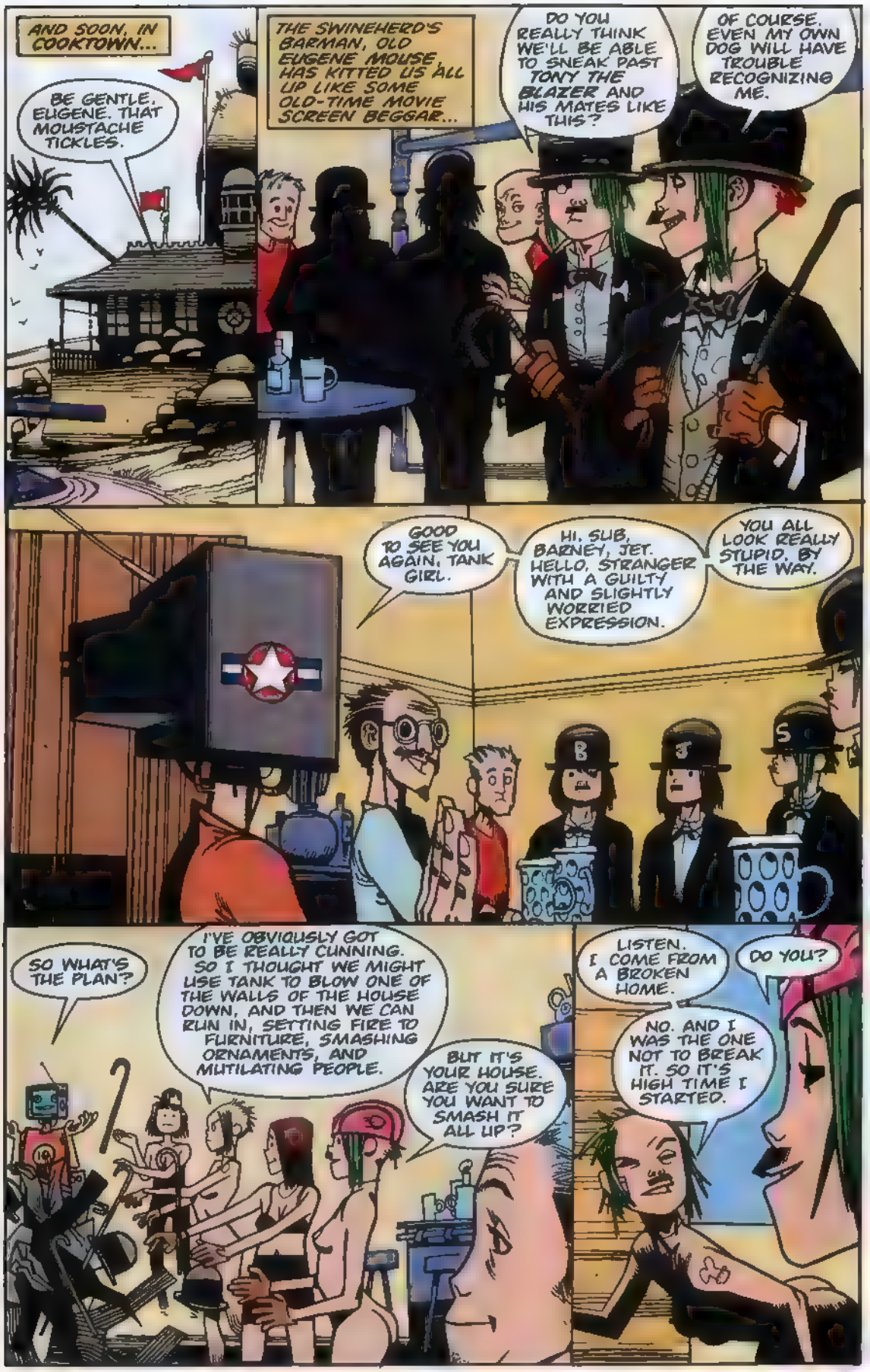
THOUGHTFUL AND REVENGEFUL IN ROUGHLY EQUAL MEASURE...

HEY, SUB, YOU'RE GETTING ON MY TITS! WHY ARE YOU TALKING TO YOURSELF?

THIS IS A RATHER BORING CHAPTER IN MY LIFE...SO I THOUGHT I'D TRY PASSING THE TIME.

MAD SLAP CRAP HAT THAT


BY THE WAY, WHERE DOES THE NAME BOOGA COME FROM?
I DON'T KNOW.
LAND AHOY!
LOOK! GODDAMN TELEVISION'S GOING FUNNY.
TANK GIRL! WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN?
TELEMAKEUS! THE OLD FRUIT OF MY AND BOOGA'S LABORS!
BOOGA'LL BE LABORING ALL THE WAY TO THE U.S. OF A. IF YOU DON'T GET HERE SMARTISH. I EXPECTED YOU AGES AGO. DO YOU KNOW HOW DIFFICULT IT'S BEEN KEEPING TONY THE BLAZER AND ALL THE OTHER PRODUCERS AWAY FROM HIM?
DON'T WORRY, SON. MEET ME AT THE SWINEHERD INN, COOKTOWN. WE'LL HAVE A FEW BEERS AND ARRANGE A NICE MASSACRE FOR TONY AND THE OTHER SUITS.
IT MIGHT NOT BE THAT EASY, TANK GIRL. YOUR MOTHER WARNED YOU THAT SHE'D NEVER LET YOU GET HOME. HOW ARE YOU GOING TO DEAL WITH THE OLD BAT?
DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT MY MOTHER, SUB.
I THINK I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE OLD LIVER BREATH.
DEEP AND MEANINGFUL LOOK.


AND SOON, IN COOKTOWN...
BE GENTLE, EUGENE. THAT MOUSTACHE TICKLES.
THE SWINEHERD'S BARMAN, OLD EUGENE MOUSE, HAS KITTED US ALL UP LIKE SOME OLD-TIME MOVIE SCREEN BEGGAR...
DO YOU REALLY THINK WE'LL BE ABLE TO SNEAK PAST TONY THE BLAZER AND HIS MATES LIKE THIS?
OF COURSE. EVEN MY OWN DOG WILL HAVE TROUBLE RECOGNIZING ME.
GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, TANK GIRL.
HI, SUB, BARNEY, JET. HELLO, STRANGER WITH A GUILTY AND SLIGHTLY WORRIED EXPRESSION.
YOU ALL LOOK REALLY STUPID, BY THE WAY.
SO WHAT'S THE PLAN?
I'VE OBVIOUSLY GOT TO BE REALLY CUNNING. SO I THOUGHT WE MIGHT USE TANK TO BLOW ONE OF THE WALLS OF THE HOUSE DOWN, AND THEN WE CAN RUN IN, SETTING FIRE TO FURNITURE, SMASHING ORNAMENTS, AND MUTILATING PEOPLE.
BUT IT'S YOUR HOUSE. ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO SMASH IT ALL UP?
LISTEN. I COME FROM A BROKEN HOME.
DO YOU?
NO. AND I WAS THE ONE NOT TO BREAK IT. SO IT'S HIGH TIME I STARTED.

JUST THEN THE ROOM STARTS DANCING AND I HAVE ALL THOSE FAMILIAR LONG-LOST FEELINGS OF ABANDONMENT, BRUISING, HUNGER AND MENTAL CRUELTY...

WOOOOSH!

HELLO, MUM.

WHAT ARE YOU SMILING AT, PLACENTA-FACE? I'VE COME TO FINALLY SCUPPER YOUR PLANS!

I DON'T THINK YOU WANT TO DO THAT, MUM WE'RE ON THE SAME SIDE.

NO WE'RE NOT! YOU PROMISED TO BRING ME BACK TO LIFE SO I COULD DANCE ON YOUR FATHER'S GRAVE! BUT YOU BETRAYED ME!

AND IT'S JUST AS WELL I DID, FOR IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A GESTURE OF SUPREME EMPTINESS.

SWIG!

YOU'RE MAKING ABOUT AS MUCH SENSE AS YOUR OLD MAN USED TO.

I STILL REMEMBER THE FIRST THING HE SAID TO ME.

DON'T WORRY, GIRL. YOU CAN'T GET PREGNANT IF WE'RE STANDING UP.

MAYBE YOU CAN SPEAK TO THE LYING TOAD AGAIN SOMETIME.

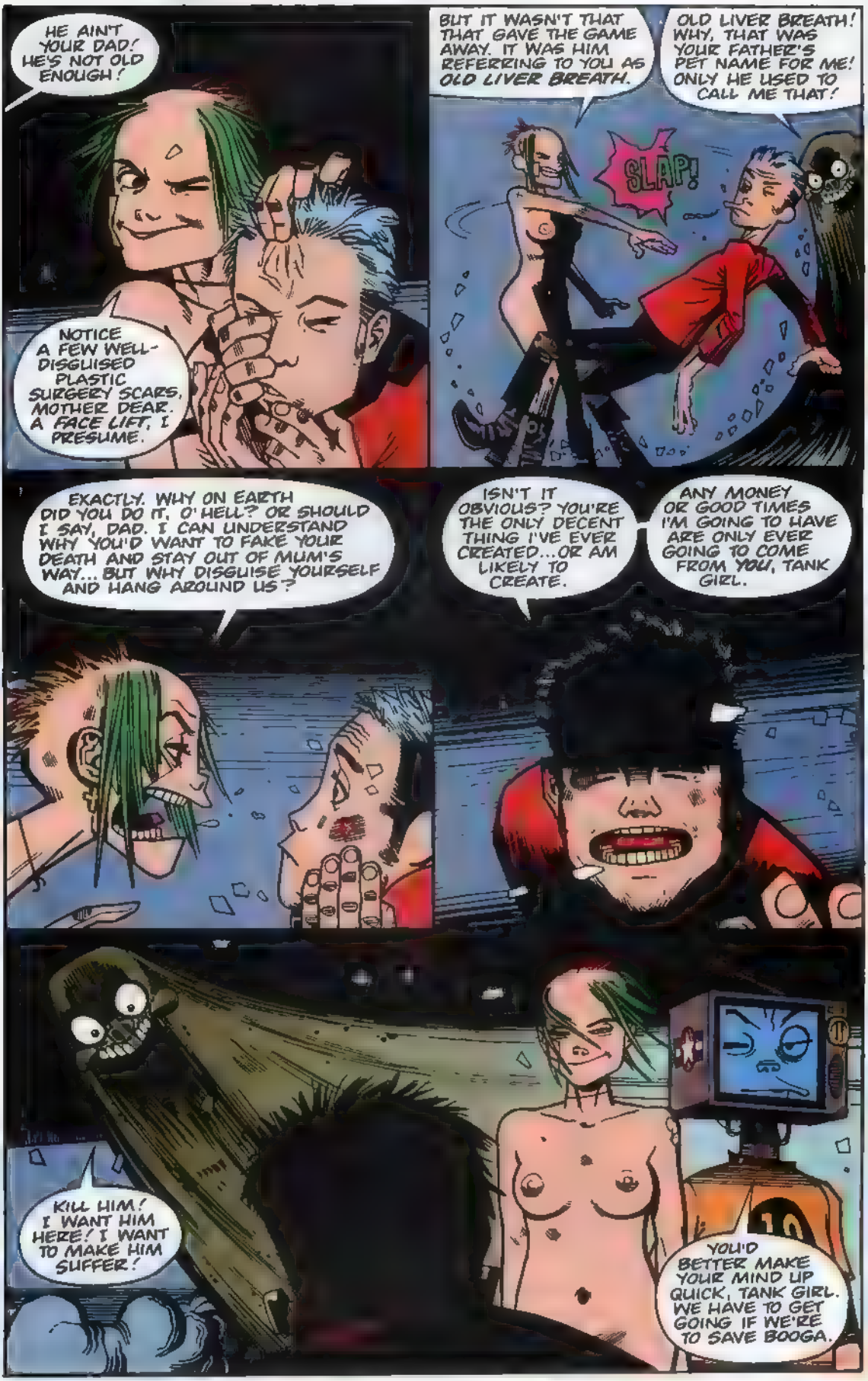
I'VE TRIED LOOKING FOR HIM IN THE LAND OF THE DEAD BUT HE'S HIDING.

HE'S NOT HIDING. YOU CAN'T FIND HIM IN THE LAND OF THE DEAD BECAUSE HE ISN'T DEAD YET.

ISN'T THAT RIGHT...

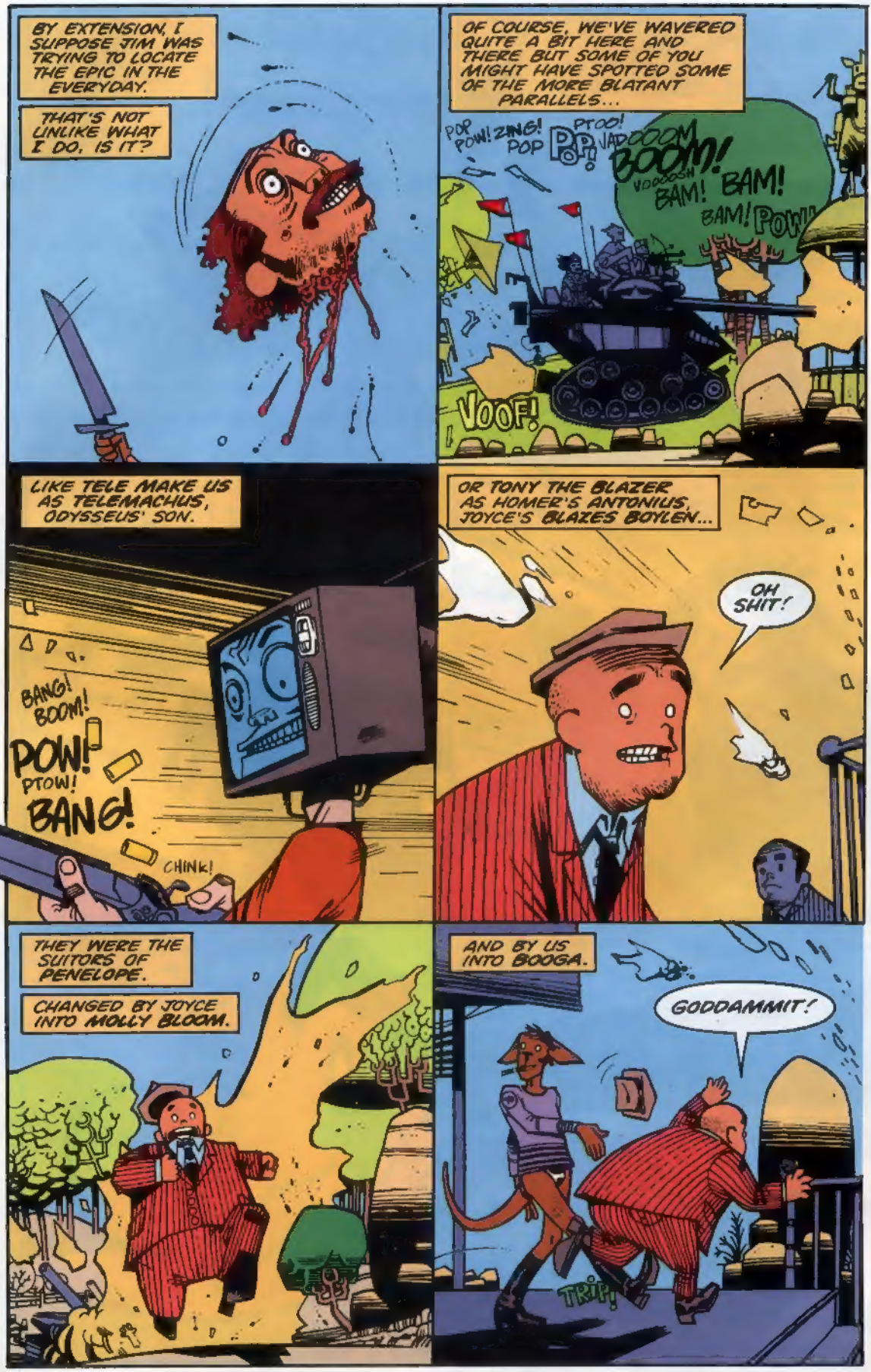
...DAD?!?!$*!!

HUH??!!=$!??

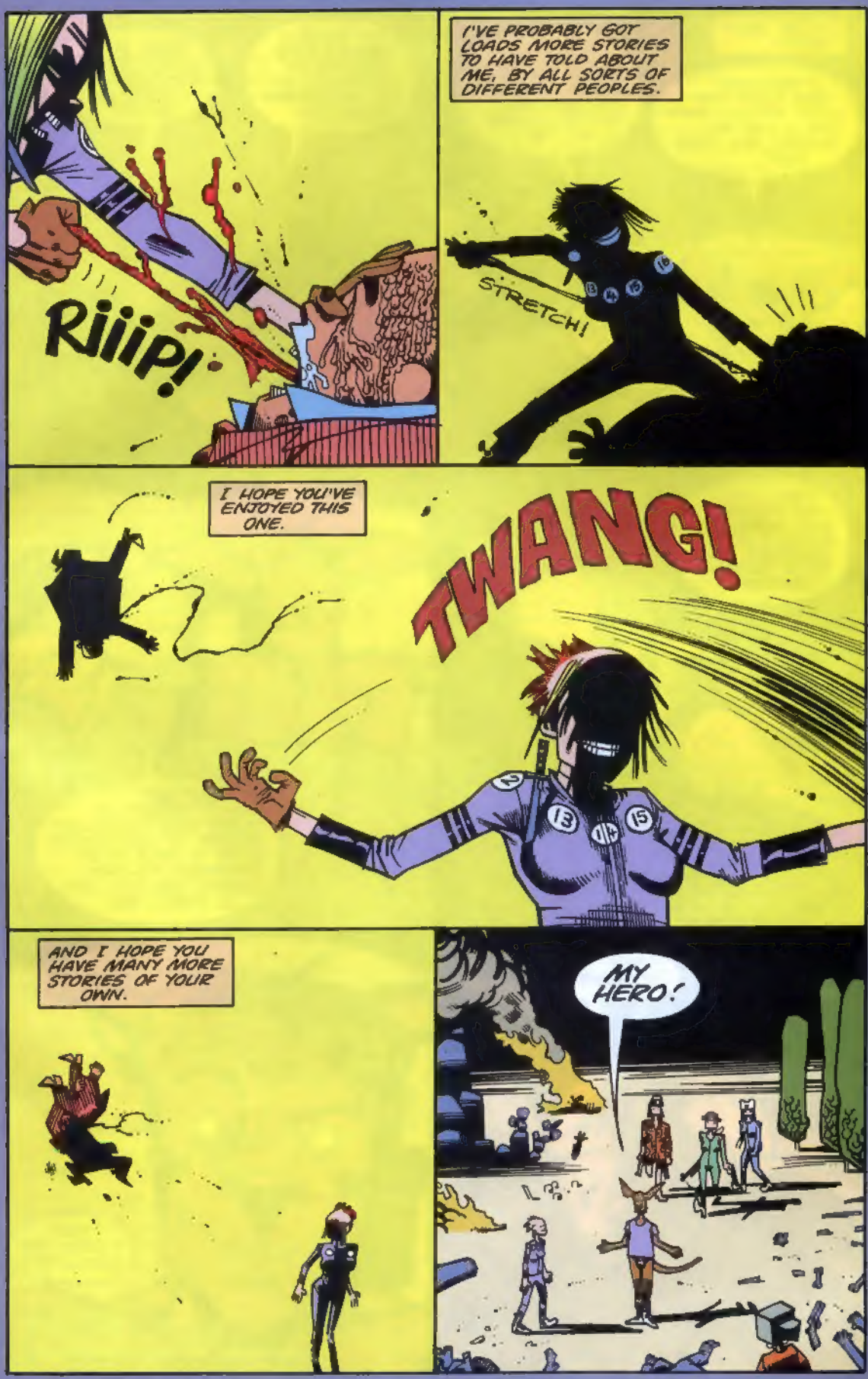

HE AIN'T YOUR DAD! HE'S NOT OLD ENOUGH!
NOTICE A FEW WELL-DISGUISED PLASTIC SURGERY SCARS, MOTHER DEAR. A FACE LIFT, I PRESUME.
BUT IT WASN'T THAT THAT GAVE THE GAME AWAY. IT WAS HIM REFERRING TO YOU AS OLD LIVER BREATH.
OLD LIVER BREATH! WHY, THAT WAS YOUR FATHER'S PET NAME FOR ME! ONLY HE USED TO CALL ME THAT!
SLAP!
EXACTLY. WHY ON EARTH DID YOU DO IT, O'HELL? OR SHOULD I SAY, DAD. I CAN UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'D WANT TO FAKE YOUR DEATH AND STAY OUT OF MUM'S WAY... BUT WHY DISGUISE YOURSELF AND HANG AROUND US?
ISN'T IT OBVIOUS? YOU'RE THE ONLY DECENT THING I'VE EVER CREATED...OR AM LIKELY TO CREATE.
ANY MONEY OR GOOD TIMES I'M GOING TO HAVE ARE ONLY EVER GOING TO COME FROM YOU, TANK GIRL.
KILL HIM! I WANT HIM HERE! I WANT TO MAKE HIM SUFFER!
YOU'D BETTER MAKE YOUR MIND UP QUICK, TANK GIRL. WE HAVE TO GET GOING IF WE'RE TO SAVE BOOGA.

PLEASE, TANK GIRL. LET ME HANG ONTO YOUR COAT-TAILS A LITTLE LONGER! I CREATED YOU! YOU CAN'T ABANDON ME!
HE'S RIGHT. HE'LL BE NOTHING WITHOUT YOU. JUST A SHAMBLING, DULL-EYED HAS-BEEN, CAUGHT ON THE BARBWIRED NO-MAN'S LAND OF ALL HIS YESTERYEARS.
BETTER PUT THE BASTARD OUT OF HIS MISERY THEN, HADN'T I?
MY HEAD SUCKS
BANG!
T-TANK GIRL! YOUR OWN FATHER! THE MAN WHO MADE YOU! YOU... YOU'VE KILLED ME!
SORRY, DAD. BUT I'VE CHANGED. I'VE TRAVELLED THE WORLD. I'M NOT YOUR LITTLE GIRL NO MORE.
YOU MIGHT NOT LIKE WHAT I'VE BECOME. I MIGHT NOT LIKE WHAT I'VE BECOME. BUT THAT'S LIFE.
RENT A BACKGROUND
FUCK A LOAFER!
WELL, ACTUALLY, THAT'S DEATH.
YEAH. SO LET'S GO, GANG.
DON'T THINK WE'LL BE HAVING ANY MORE TROUBLE FROM MY MOTHER.

WELL, WE'RE ALMOST AT OUR JOURNEY'S END NOW.
FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO'VE STUCK WITH US ALL THE WAY, YOU'VE PROBABLY NOTICED ONE OR TWO ..
ALLUSIONS.
BOOM!
BOOM!
MY LITTLE STORY HERE HAS USED AS ITS STRUCTURE TWO BOOKS. HOMER'S THE ODYSSEY AND JAMES JOYCE'S ULYSSES.
JOYCE HAD A NUMBER OF REASONS FOR BASING HIS BOOK ON HOMER'S EPIC.
BOOF!
BAM! BOOF!
BOOF!
BOOM!
BOOM!
.. BUT ONE OF THEM WAS PROBABLY THE IDEA OF MOCKING OR MAKING HUMBLE HOMER'S EPIC HERO, ODYSSEUS...
AND ENNOBLING OR MAKING HEROIC JOYCE'S VERY HUMBLE PARALLEL, LEOPOLD BLOOM
BOP!
BUP
VROOM
RUMBLE!
CLUNK! CLUNK!
CLANK A KLANK


BY EXTENSION, I SUPPOSE JIM WAS TRYING TO LOCATE THE EPIC IN THE EVERYDAY.
THAT'S NOT UNLIKE WHAT I DO, IS IT?
OF COURSE, WE'VE WAVERED QUITE A BIT HERE AND THERE BUT SOME OF YOU MIGHT HAVE SPOTTED SOME OF THE MORE BLATANT PARALLELS...
POP POW! ZING! POP
PTOO! POP!
JADOOOM BOOM!
VOOOOSH BAM! BAM! BAM! POW!
VOOF!
LIKE TELE MAKE US AS TELEMACHUS, ODYSSEUS' SON.
BANG! BOOM! POW! PTOW! BANG!
CHINK!
OR TONY THE BLAZER AS HOMER'S ANTONIUS, JOYCE'S BLAZES BOYLEN...
OH SHIT!
THEY WERE THE SUITORS OF PENELOPE.
CHANGED BY JOYCE INTO MOLLY BLOOM.
AND BY US INTO BOOGA.
GODDAMMIT!
TRIP!

SOME PEOPLE GO OVERBOARD AND LOOK AT THE BOOK CALLED ULYSSES WITH A KIND OF RELIGIOUS AWE.
LIKE IT WAS THE BIBLE OR SOMETHING.
POW!
WELL, THE BIBLE MIGHT BE A GOOD BOOK...
BUT IT SHOULDN'T BE TAKEN AS GOSPEL, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
12
ZIP!
WHAT I MEAN IS, WE'VE GOT TO MAKE OUR OWN BOOKS...
SWEAT OVERLOAD
FIND THE HISTORICAL STRUCTURES AND PARALLELS THAT HELP US MAKE SENSE OUT OF OUR OWN WORLD...
WHOP
BOSH!
AND LOCATE THE EPIC IN OUR EVERYDAY LIVES.
HUARGKKK!


Riiip!
I'VE PROBABLY GOT LOADS MORE STORIES TO HAVE TOLD ABOUT ME, BY ALL SORTS OF DIFFERENT PEOPLES.
STRETCH!
I HOPE YOU'VE ENJOYED THIS ONE.
TWANG!
AND I HOPE YOU HAVE MANY MORE STORIES OF YOUR OWN.
MY HERO!

LATER THAT NIGHT...
I REALIZE NOW THAT YOU MUST REALLY LIKE ME A LOT TO TRAVEL ALL THIS WAY.
YEAH. I SUPPOSE YOU COULD SAY MY FEELINGS FOR YOU BLOOMED A LITTLE ALONG THE WAY.
WE SHOULD MAKE UP AN EXCLUSIVE CONTRACT, SO WE ONLY WORK TOGETHER.
GOOD IDEA. D'YOU WANNA, YOU KNOW, SEAL IT WITH A SCREW?
NAH. I'M TOO PISSED AND TIRED. IT'S BEEN A LONG JOURNEY. PLAY WITH YOURSELF INSTEAD.
AND HEY, DON'T FORGET TO HAVE THAT CONTRACT DRAWN UP TOMORROW. HATE TO HAVE TO GO THROUGH ALL THIS AGAIN. YOU WILL DO IT, WON'T YOU?
YES. I WILL.
YOU PROMISE?
YES I SAID YES I WILL YES.
THE END.
SOHO - WORTHING - MUSWELL HILL